

## QUEER DISHES IN SHOPS.

WHERE ALL SORTS OF MEAT MAY BE  
ROASTED TO TAKE HOME.

DELICATESSEN STORES ON THE EAST SIDE  
WHERE KOSHER FOOD IS SOLD—SALADS  
AND BROKEN EGGS DISHED  
OUT OF JARS.

The delicatessen shops, always fascinating in the multitude of strange dishes which they afford—a profusion of uncommon, foreign-looking eatables, among which any one so inclined may explore and experiment almost indefinitely, without being obliged to try the same thing twice, unless he likes it—have developed a new function, which still further establishes them in the regard of the community. The key to it may be found in the following attractive notice, displayed conspicuously outside the windows of several of the shops:

### "ROAST SUCKING PIGS TO ORDER."

This is enough in itself to make the casual passerby stop and indulge in thoughts of savory dinners; but if he will merely take the trouble to step in and inquire about the matter, he will find that the sucking pig is simply a type of a class. The fact is that the delicatessen shops have gradually come to fill the place of the famous English bakeshops, and will roast any desired article for their patrons, from a small bird to a boar's head elaborately decorated, or the afore-mentioned little pig. Turkeys, chickens, geese, ducks, all kinds of game, joints of meat, including venison, when that is in season—in short, any of the dishes which serve as the principal pieces of most people's dinners may be had cooked to a turn at the delicatessen shops. A few of these things, such as chickens, chicken patés, roast pork and pigs' feet, are always kept cooked on hand, the demand for them being steady enough to warrant this; but most of the larger and more expensive dishes are cooked only by special order. It is open to the customer's choice whether the meats to be roasted shall be provided by himself or by the shopkeeper.

There is a regular scale of charges for the cooking alone, varying not only according to the article, but according, also, to the style in which it is turned out. To have a turkey roasted plain, for instance, with the ordinary, old-fashioned stuffing of bread-crumbs seasoned with herbs, costs 50 cents at one of the better shops, while to have the same fowl stuffed with chestnuts or truffles would cost two or three dollars. This, of course, would be simply the payment for the work and the stuffing; if the shopkeeper provided the turkey, also, he would charge for it at the regular market price per pound. It is impossible for the dealers always to have the roast reach its destination smoking hot. This is particularly true in winter, when it has to be carried any distance. But the customer knows at what time it will be ready, and if it is sent for promptly it does not get really cold in its journey, and can easily be warmed again if desired. Some dealers send the orders home by their own men, but in many cases the carrying is left for the buyer to look after.

The chief difficulty which the delicatessen cooks experience is in getting their patrons trained to allow them a reasonable time in which to do their work. Amateur housekeepers, who have no idea whether it takes fifteen minutes or three hours to cook any given article, will send in great haste at 5:30 p. m. to have a turkey roasted for dinner at 6. The cooks, who are usually French or German, hold up their hands in horror, protesting volubly that the feat is impossible. Nevertheless, the customer usually leaves the fowl, in a blind sort of faith that it will be done somewhere near the desired time. The cooks shrug their shoulders and go to work without delay, but they wisely make no promises. At the time when he or she fondly trusts that the turkey will be cooked, the customer, or a deputy, is likely to put in an appearance. Receiving no encouragement, however, from those in charge of the simmering bird, the unhappy messenger is obliged to linger outside the door, solacing himself, perhaps, as did the two young Cratchits in the "Christmas Carol," with the conviction that in the mixture of appetizing odors which floats up to him he can clearly distinguish the savory smell of his own turkey.

There are still other dishes besides those mentioned which the delicatessen shops cook to order. Among them are pies of all kinds—game pies being a specialty—patés of every description, and baked beans. Little pans of the beans are constantly on hand, it is true, but, as a clerk said with pride the other day, "We make zem as beeg as you like—so beeg!" and by extending his arms he indicated a circle about a foot and a half in diameter.

Aside from the cooking department, the stock of a delicatessen shop is pretty well known. The chief attraction about it to the ordinary housekeeper is the variety of food which it affords of kinds which could never be prepared at home. Smoked beef shoulders, smoked jowls, fresh ham, which will be sliced off in any desired quantity; meat jelly, blood pudding and liver pudding, Russian caviar, and pumpernickel, or German black bread, are among the queer staple delicatessen articles, not to mention canned goods of every kind, cheeses innumerable, and imported vegetables, put up in glass or dried.

There are delicatessen shops in New-York where roast fowl and sliced ham are unknown, where pigs' feet would not be tolerated and where an order for venison would be given in



MME. CONCHA.  
(From the portrait by Boldini.)

vain. The Kosher delicatessen places of the crowded East Side, although in name like those in Sixth-ave., carry a stock of goods unlike those of any other place. There, in season, may be bought the various dainties made from goose meat. Among these are Gänskleines, Gänsgrüben and fattened goose liver. Gänskleines is the name given to the small pieces of the dressed goose, like wings, feet and neck, and Gänsgrüben are the pieces of brown crackling from which the fat has been extracted. In some of these places they also prepare what is known as Gesetztes Essen. This consists of a mixture of barley and dried peas, which is prepared on Friday for consumption on Saturday, when the pious Jews do no cooking.

These shops also have for sale the various kinds of salads which can be found in the shops outside the Jewish district. Potato salad is the most popular, but beet, cabbage, celery and parsnip salads are also kept in stone crocks, and the prices are so low that a small quantity is within the reach of the poor people. More pretentious dishes, like herring salad and eimagnirte heringe, are also sold in these places, and the Kosher delicatessen shop is a source of much comfort to those people who work "by the family," and whose time is too valuable to devote to cooking.

Although the word kosher means clean, some of the shops do not merit the title, especially those where eggs may be bought by the quart. A number of these places have broken eggs for sale. These are kept in earthen vessels and ladled out, shells and all, at so much a quart, and are described as "Rührer"—scrambled eggs.

There are delicatessen stores in the Italian quarter also. There the various Italian sweetmeats are to be found, as well as certain dried fruits which are popular with the Italians. Several of these stores have the patronage of up-town people, who go there for macaroni and similar Italian products.

### A SLEEPWALKER'S LONG JOURNEY.

From The Philadelphia Record.

There has been much excitement and much discussion in Felton, Del., over a story of the remarkable somnambulism of Miss Chella Connor, the nineteen-year-old daughter of A. B. Connor, the station agent at Felton.

A few nights ago Miss Connor retired, but fell asleep before she disrobed. She had been in the room but a short time when she walked out of the house and up the railroad track. None of the family saw her leave the house, and did not discover that she had gone until some time after. They were greatly alarmed, and at once made a search for her. John Lynch, who knew the girl well, said that he saw her walking up the railroad track, but said nothing to her. The friends of the family at once started in pursuit of her, but were compelled to return without her. Nearly all night they scoured the country with bicycles and carriages, but none of them thought to keep directly on the railroad track. Miss Connor walked straight up the track, and when she awoke in the early morning she found that she was near Cheswold, which is seventeen miles from where she started. She at once took a train and went home.

### IN DEEP WATER.

From The Detroit Free Press.

Jones—Miss Verbose has just embarked on one of her conversational voyages.

Smithers—Yes, and her escort is overboard already.



MR. WHISTLER DOZING.  
(From the etching by Boldini.)

## THE BOLDINI PORTRAITS.

THEIR EXCEPTIONAL SIGNIFICANCE IN  
CONTEMPORARY ART.

TECHNIQUE AS AN EXPRESSION OF PERSONAL-  
ITY—A TYPE OF MODERNITY—STUDIES  
OF WHISTLER AND OTHER IM-  
PORTANT PEOPLE.

The Italians have a word, "maestria," which may fairly be translated into our own "mastery," but idiomatically it conveys a slightly different meaning. It has a complex significance, joining cleverness to authority, and the man who deserves the epithet may be known, whether in music, art or literature, by a strength which he not only controls, but displays with an ebullience suggesting a rapture of delight, an overflow of animal and emotional spirits, in the mere act of working. Very few of the old Italians had this quality until the Renaissance drew to its close, and perhaps the only man in the peninsula who ever disclosed it in its full force was Tiepolo, in the eighteenth century. In Spain Velasquez showed himself capable of maestria at times, but Goya, who came later and was a far less remarkable painter, beat him on that point. In the Low Countries it is observed in Van Dyck, in Rubens and in Hals. But when the entire list of old European painters has been traversed the individuals who possess this peculiar virtue could be counted on the fingers of both hands. It might be contended that it is not a great virtue. Minor men have possessed it where the majority of the masters have preferred to work with more deliberation. It is not, certainly, what one would call a thoughtful quality. It speaks of rapidity, of first impressions, of impulse. But in modern times it has enjoyed a curious development. Maestria, which is opposed to the usually contemplative temperament of the old masters, is exactly fitted to the keener intellectuality and more nervous habit of the modern artist. It is possessed by half a dozen painters of to-day whom we might name. Mr. Sargent has it, for one. Signor Boldini is another exemplar of its power. That is why the exhibition of portraits by him at the gallery of Boussod, Valadon & Co. offers a stimulating experience to the student of modern art.

To enjoy your work because you can accomplish it with rapidity is something. To be not



ADOLF MENZEL.  
(From the portrait by Boldini.)

only rapid but sure of yourself is to raise your enjoyment to a higher power. The first impression left by Boldini's portraits is that they were executed in a fury of enthusiasm. The next impression is of an extraordinary precision. It would be easy to dispute this statement. One has only to point to the undue accentuation of the bony structure of Mr. Whistler's uplifted wrist or to exclaim against the morbid flesh tints which appear in more than one of these canvases. Surely it is not accurate, it may be said, to paint a woman's white arm with deep, black shadows. Such unhealthy effects do not appear in nature under any circumstances. These charges are justifiable, and they have been provoked upon several occasions by Signor Boldini. Yet they leave the essential value of his work untouched. They denote imperfections, but the latter are so few, on the whole, that impartial criticism condones while it reproaches. To pass from these disconcerting details to the larger facts of this painter's art is to come very near to forgetting them altogether. The portrait of Whistler offers an apt illustration. Nothing could be more eloquent than the head in this canvas, and, in fact, the entire figure is Whistler to the life. All the other portraits of him, including his own, fade into insignificance, as portraits, beside this brilliant work. The Mephistophelian note in the expression, especially about the eyes, may be a trifle forced, but it may be added without disrespect to Mr. Whistler that this forcing is justified. No one could mistake the famous painter in a crowd, and this fantastical and almost eerie element is just the thing that would first draw the attention of the passer-by. The curiously rebellious hair, the still more curious eyebrows, the thin features, so alert, so indicative of acid wit—all these things are portrayed by Boldini with a vigor that seems merely incisive and minute until the spectator surrenders himself to the swing with which the whole impression of the artist has been conveyed.